



# Sense of Sight

The sun crawled over the ridge of the canyon flooding the valley below. Early mist, sparkling in the bright sunshine, soon gave way to the wavering shades of green within the surrounding forest and along the grassy meadow. A small stream added its own luster to the beginning of day. As if to greet the sun, a hawk burst from the shadows of the tall pines. The hawk soared up to the crest of the canyon where it hovered to watch the silver trail of water below.

9/18/07  
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## Katrina

9-18-07

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Frank

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